THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The COMEDY of ERRORS.
The WINTER'S TALE.
The LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN.
King RICHARD II.

BIRMINGHAM:

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MDCCLXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *two* Antipholis's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

THE

THE COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracuſe*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracuſans* and ourſelves,
T'admit no traffic to our adverſe towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Epheſus*
Be ſeen at *Syracuſan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracuſan* born
Come to the bay of *Epheſus*, he dies:

His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay, in brief, the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus.*

Ægeon. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum;* 'till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male-twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought,

I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too ſoon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obſcured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come;)
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas waxt calm; and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;

But ere they came—oh, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreckt gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in queſt of him;
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.

Five

Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th'extremity of dire miſhap;
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
(Which Princes, would they, may not diſannul;)
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy cuſtody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Train.*

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon, *and Jailor.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. THEREFORE give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.

This very day, a *Syracuſan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner time;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.

[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*

SCENE III.

Ant. HE that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop,

Who

Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?
E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit,
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell;
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek;
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt:
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh,—ſix-pence, that I had a *Wedneſday* laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper?
The ſadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?
E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, Sir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate:
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock;
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.
Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishneſs;
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge?
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs and her ſiſter ſtay for you.
Ant. Now, as I am a chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd;
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?
E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders;
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks? what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou? [*Phœnix;*
E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the
She, that doth faſt, 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* Dromio.
Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of couzenage;
* As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Drug-

* *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;*
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind;*
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;] Thoſe who attentively conſider theſe three Lines, muſt confeſs that the Poet intended, the Epithet given to each of theſe Miſcreants, ſhould declare the Power by

Drug-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like libertines of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADRIANA.

NEITHER my huſband nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

by which they perform their Feats, and which would therefore be a juſt Characteriſtic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* Jugglers, we are taught that they perform their Tricks by *Slight of Hand*: and by *Soul-killing* Witches, we are inform'd, the Miſchief they do is by the Aſſiſtance of the Devil, to whom they have given their Souls: But then, by *dark-working* Sorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the Means by which they perform their Ends. Beſides, this Epithet agrees as well to Witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly, our Author could not deſign this their Characteriſtic. We ſhould read;

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind;*

And we know by the Hiſtory of ancient and modern Superſtition, that theſe Kind of Jugglers always pretended to work Changes of the Mind by theſe Applications.

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out a-door.
Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with woe.
There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubjects, and at their controuls:
Man, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.
Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain.
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Adr. SAY, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told me his mind upon mine ear. Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could under-ſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pry'thee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he.
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I hang up thy miſtreſs!
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!

Luc. Quoth who?

E Dro. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders:
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.
Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.
E. Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peaſant, fetch thy maſter home.
E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. FIE, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard,
Do their gray veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly dear, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.
Luc. Self harming jealouſy!—fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,

So

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
* I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.

* *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,*
Will loſe his beauty; yet *the gold bides ſtill,*
That others touch, and *often touching will:*
Where *gold and no man, that hath a name,*
By *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.*] In this miſerable Condition is this Paſſage given us. It ſhould be read thus,
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
The Senſe is this, Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching*, will wear even Gold; juſt ſo the greateſt Character, tho' as pure as Gold itſelf, may, in Time, be injured, by the repeated Attacks of Falſhood and Corruption.

My

You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?

S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beats* Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you choleric, and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo choleric.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plain dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion: but, ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Adriana, *and* Luciana.

Adri. AY, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt vow,
That never words were muſic to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That

That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf; and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I was licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin of my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the Grime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;

When

When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio?*

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir, I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never ſpoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine:
Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.

This

This is the *Fairy* land: oh, ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights!
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou flug, thou ſot!
S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?
Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the Eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſevere ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us:
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.

E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear;
I ſhould kick, being kickt; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

S. Dro. [*within*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not: come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. O, villian, thou haſt ſtoll'n both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within*] What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce.*

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O lord, I muſt laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb.*—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when, can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you here, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have aſkt you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this *knave* would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, * we ſhall have part with neither.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be ſo bought and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?

For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

* —— *we ſhall part with neither.*] Common Senſe requires us to read, —— *we ſhall* have *part with neither.*

If

If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this;—your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;
And about evening come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt you yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once get's poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth, mean to be merry,
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine;*
For there's the houſe: that chain will I beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:

Since

Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. AND may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, *Antipholis*,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted:
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:)
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words' deceit;
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thyſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.

S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

S. Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luciana.

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. WHY, how now, *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that hunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe: and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Lapland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir;—but her name and three Quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenneſs, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her heir.——

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find

find no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires; declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. * To conclude, this drudge of the devil, this diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till you return to me:
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life.
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

* *To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me,*] A little lower, he calls her *Witch*. A Word is certainly dropt out of the Text. We ſhould read,

this drudge of the devil, this *diviner*,——

Drudge of the Devil, is the right Periphraſis for a *Witch*.

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. THERE's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But leſt myſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo, *with a chain.*

Ant. Maſter *Antipholis*——

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the *Porcupine;*
The chain, unfiniſh'd, made me ſtay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe yourſelf, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now:
For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee,

I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets, he meets ſuch golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know, ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis;*
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus *as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may ſave: ſee, where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought, our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more,
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town;
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have:
Or elſe you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I prey you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porcupine;*
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain——

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you, ev'n now.
Or ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not. I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.

Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail.
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe, *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. MASTER, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oil*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?

S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtraight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her huſband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. AH, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd, you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and fere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

SCENE IV.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. HERE, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs and rought,
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter: he is 'reſted on the caſe.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.

It

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men ſay,
That *Time* comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio;* there's the money, bear it ſtraight,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. THERE's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new-apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-ſkin, that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a ſob, and 'reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; *he, that ſets up his

* *he, that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* morris-*pike.*] *Sets up his Reſt*, is a Phraſe taken from Military Exerciſe. When Gunpowder was firſt invented, its Force was very weak compared to that in preſent Uſe. This neceſſarily required Fire-Arms to be of an extraordinary Length. As the Artiſts improved the Strength of their Powder, the Soldiers proportionably ſhortned their Arms and Artillery; ſo that the Cannon which *Froiſſart* tells us was once fifty Foot long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This Proportion likewiſe held in their Muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt Century, the Muſketeers always ſupported their Pieces when they gave Fire, with a *Reſt* ſtuck before them into the Ground, which they called *ſetting up their Reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling Alluſion too to the Serjeant's Office of Arreſting. But what moſt wants Animadverſion is the *Morris-pike*, which is without Meaning, impertinent to the Senſe, and falſe in the Alluſion; no Pike being uſed among the Dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much Execution. In a Word, *Shakeſpear* wrote,

a Maurice-*Pike*,

i. e. a Pikeman of Prince *Maurice*'s Army. He was the greateſt General of that Age, and the Conductor of the *Lou-Country* Wars againſt *Spain*, under whom all the *Engliſh* Gentry and Nobility were bred to the Service. Being frequently overborne with Numbers, he became Famous for his fine Retreats, in which a Stand of Pikes is of great Service. Hence the Pikes of his Army became Famous for their Military Exploits.

reſt

reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a *Maurice*-Pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery.
Is there any ſhip puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to night, and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay;* here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. WELL met, well met, maſter *Antipholis.*
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, God dam me, that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo,* light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.

Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, beſpeak a long ſpoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils aſk but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-ſtone: but ſhe, more covetous, would have a chain. Maſter, be wiſe; an if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo? [go.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock; miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. NOW, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon, that I gather, he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his own door being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On

On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. FEAR me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you, 'twould ſound harſhly in her ears.——

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus, *with a Rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* Dromio.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Thou whorſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and* Pinch.

E. Ant. COME, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.——

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dromio.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtaſy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;

And

And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. Oh, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, ſhe did, the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

Offi. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind* Antipholis *and* Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter Doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh, moſt unhappy day!]
E. Ant. Oh, moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!
E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter; cry, the devil.——
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Antipholis, *and* Dromio.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, *and Courtezan.*

Offi. ONE *Anglo*, a goldſmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your huſband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come,

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *with his Rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. GOD, for thy mercy, they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis *and* Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forſwore it too.
S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?
Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. HOLD, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;

Some

Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.

S. Dro. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe;
This is ſome Priory; in, or we are ſpoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, 'till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?

Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, ſo I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in aſſemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;

At

At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
[Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?]
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himſelf rough, rude and wildly;
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my houſe.

Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands;
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office;

And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholſome ſirups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[*Exit* Abbeſs.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither;
And take perforce my huſband from the Abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm ſure, the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he paſs the abbey.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon *bare-headed; with the Headſman, and other Officers.*

Duke. YET once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my huſband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes: bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe, that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant mad himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away: 'till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
And here the Abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
Duke. Long ſince thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,

(When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,)
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me.
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O Miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf;
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcotch your face, and to diſfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my huſband; witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. JUSTICE, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote;
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there:
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me;
Whilſt ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.

Duke. A grievous fault; ſay, woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord: myſelf, he and my ſiſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

Ang. O, perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
In this the mad-man juſtly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed, what I ſay.
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, hardy-raſh, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it; for he was with me then;

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him; in the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not; for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey, and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th' way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villian,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer.

Mer. Beſides I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. MOST mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life;
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio?*

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſay you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, truſt me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am ſure, I do not: and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe hold witneſſes I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa*-bay,
Thou know'ſt, we parted; but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t'acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:
I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa:*
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbeſs with Antipholis Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. MOST mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *Genius* to the other;
And ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio;* command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio;* pray let me ſtay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds;
And gain a huſband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'ſt the man,
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame *Ægeon*, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two *Antipholis*'s, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two *Dromio*'s, one in ſemblance;
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,
Theſe plainly are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia;*
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.
Abb. By men of *Epidamnum,* he and I,
And the twin *Dromio,* all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnum.*
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuſe.*
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not, which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth,* my moſt gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,
Duke *Menaphon,* your moſt renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are not you my huſband?
E. Ant. No, I ſay *nay* to that.
S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo:
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I ſee and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think, I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio;* but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me;

I ſee,

I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors all aroſe.

E. Ant. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's Error
Have ſuffer'd wrong: go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
Twenty five years have I but gone in travel
Of you my ſons; nor, 'till this preſent hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:
The duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt *and gaude with me:
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antipholis's *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. MASTER, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhip-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

* ——— *and* go *with me:*] We ſhould read,
——— *and* gaude *with me:*
i. e. Rejoice, from the *French, Gaudir.*

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, *Dromio.*
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt* Antipholis S. *and* E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior:
'Till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

WINTER's

TALE.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord*,
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Goaler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as* Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*
Two other Ladies.
Mopſa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdeſſes.*

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Sicilia; *ſometimes, in* Bohemia.

THE

*THE WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Leontes's PALACE.

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot; you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence— in

* *The Winter's Tale.*] This Play throughout is written in the very Spirit of its Author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, tho' agreeable, country Tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *fancy's child,*
Warbles his native wood notes wild. MILTON.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere Juſtice to the Play, as the Meanneſs of the Fable, and the extravagant Conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great Name into a wrong Judgment of its Merit; which as far as it regards Sentiment and Character, is ſcarce inferior to any of the whole Collection.

ſo

ſo rare—I know not what to ſay—we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak, as my Underſtanding inſtructs me: and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia;* they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a Vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves!—

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius:* it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſics the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Opens to the Preſence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. NINE Changes of the watry ſtar hath been
(The ſhepherd's note,) ſince we have left our Throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
An pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, *may there blow
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly. Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer Stay.

Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th'world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs

* —— that may *blow*
No ſneaping winds at home, &c.] We ſhould read it thus,
—— may there *blow*, &c.

Do

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure,
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong,
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay;
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure [*To* Pol.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, I'll give you my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, * behind the geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, *Leontes,*
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: *verily,*
You ſhall not go; a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,

*-- *behind the geſt*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the Phraſe,* and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt:* But the Word *Geſt* is right, and ſignifies a Stage or Journey. In the Time of *Royal Progreſſes* the King's Stages, as we may ſee by the Journals of them in the Herald's Office, were called his *Geſts;* from the old *French* Word *Giſte, Diverſorium.*

Not

Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty;* th' impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O, my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had not then croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;

If

If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not,
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.
Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue leſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon That.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre, but to th'goal.
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace*.
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had four'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
Th'other, for ſome while a friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot—— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me—my heart dances;
But not for joy—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty

From

From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs——and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o'th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows—*Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm?—— how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,
To be full like me.——Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe,
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain.
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams—(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,
And fellow'ſt Nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And That beyond commiſſion; and I find it;

And

And That to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.
Pol. What means *Sicilia?*
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much Diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole! —— My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtates-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December;*
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione,*
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:

Next

Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are yours i'th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exeunt* Polix. Her. *and attendants.*
Manent Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing huſband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.
Go, play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knel. Go, play, boy, play—there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th'arm,
That little thinks, ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence;
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all diſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſic for't, there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike [it.
Where 'tis predominant; and *'tis powerful: think

* ——*'tis powerful: think it.*] After this there are four Lines of infamous, ſenſeleſs Rabaldry, ſtuck in by ſome profligate Player, which I have caſhier'd; and hope no learned Critic, or fine Lady, will eſteem this caſtrated Edition, for our having now and then on the ſame Neceſſity, and after having given fair Notice, taken the ſame Liberty. Mr. *Warburton.*

Many

Many a thouſand of's have the diſeaſe and feel't not.
How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.

Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillius*—thou'rt an honeſt man:
[*Exit* Mamillius.

SCENE III.

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding;
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your Highneſs, and th' entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo.

Leo. Satisfy
Th' entreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfy?
Let That ſuffice. I've truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things neareſt my heart; as well
My chamber-counſels, wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord——

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, *Camillo*,

(But that's paſt doubt, you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not think it;)
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs;
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,

Or

Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
About her neck; *Bohemia*.—who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do That
Which ſhould undo more Doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.—Make't thy Queſtion, and go rot:
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
(Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps:)
Give ſcandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:

Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable lady! but, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar reign now!
Here comes *Bohemia*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. THIS is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?—
Good day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no leſs adorns

Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle;) I beſeech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
* To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt doſtril

* *To* vice *you to't,*——] *i. e.* to draw, perſuade you. The Character called the *Vice*, in the old Plays, was the *Tempter* to Evil.

Where

Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,
The fabric of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I'm ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.--This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him; why, his revenges muſt

In That be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The grecious Queen's; part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs,
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they ſay,
Becomes ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye, The

The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady*. She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; (good time encounter her!)

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on. [ſoftly:

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;——I will tell it
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords*.

Leo. WAS he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſt! There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent

Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts.——I have drunk, and ſeen the
ſpider.——
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.——

Her. What is this ſport?

Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about
her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—(theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,—
That mercy do's; for calumny will ſear

Virtue

Virtue itſelf.) Theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
(From him, that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be;)
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees;
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile Principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;

I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping; (as our ſex
Commonly are,) the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd!——

Leo. Shall I be heard?——

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highneſs,
My women may be with me, for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do your bidding; hence.

[*Exit* Queen, *guarded; and Ladies.*

Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three Great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your Queen, your ſon.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, (I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.)

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtable-ſtand where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leo.

Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my lord,——
Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damm him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven:
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations; they are coheirs,
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſence as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.
Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Call not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in ſkill,) cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,

You

You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s ſlight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only; nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done, my Lord.
Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in public; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.
Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Paulina, *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. THE keeper of the priſon, call to him:
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,

No

No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Goal. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Goal. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To ſee her women? any of them? *Emilia?*
Goal. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Gent.* &c.
Goal. And, Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well, as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; On her frights and griefs.
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is ſomething before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, My poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn:

Theſe

Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i'th' King! beſhrew them,
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know,
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living
So meet for his great errand. Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Goal. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,

If

If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.

Goal. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. NOR night, nor day, no reſt;——it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being, part o'th' cauſe,
She, the adultreſs; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Atten. He took good reſt to night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares.—Fie, fie, no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,

Until

Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

Lord. YOU muſt not enter.

Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. [*within.*] Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night commanded,
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honeſt, as either: to purge him of that humour
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your Highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady.——*Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo.

Leo. What? canſt not rule her?

Paul. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient councellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeems yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
*And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man; on th' worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But firſt, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.

[*Laying down the child.*

* *And would by combat make her good, ſo were I*
A man the worſt about you.] *Paulina* ſuppoſes the King's Jealouſy to be raiſed and inflamed by the Courtiers about him; who, ſhe finely ſays,

--- creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings:---

Surely then, ſhe could not ſay, that were ſhe a Man, *the worſt of theſe*, ſhe would vindicate her Miſtreſs's Honour againſt the King's Suſpicions, in ſingle Combat. *Shakeſpear*, no doubt, wrote,

—— —— —— ---ſo were I
A man, on th' *worſt about you.*

i. e. were I a Man, I would vindicate her Honour, on the Worſt of theſe Sycophants that are about you.

Leo.

Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her, out o'door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not ſo;
I am as ignorant in That, as you
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.
[*To* Antigonus.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard.
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy croan.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A neſt of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf. For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's, and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was ſound.
Leo. A callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire. *Paul.*

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.
Leo. A groſs hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hand,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.
Leo. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leo. On you allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You,

You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. THOU, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither:

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. 'Beſeech your Highneſs, give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You

You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall he poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this: tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
Poor thing condemn'd to loſs.——

[*Exit, with the child.*

Leo.

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come
An hour ſince. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.

Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels,
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publicly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Part of Sicily, *near the Sea-ſide.*

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion. It ſhames report.
Foremoſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice——

How

How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o'th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen, (O be't ſo!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The uſe is worth the time on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' beſt! theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the buſineſs; when the oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo*'s great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes:
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Repreſents a Court of Juſtice.

Leontes, *Lords and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leo. THIS ſeſſion, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd;—let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the priſoner.—

Offi. It is his Highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court. Silence!

Hermione *is brought in, guarded;* Paulina, *and Ladies attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but That
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falſhood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only That I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*

Came

Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough:
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelves
(Wotting no more than I,) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;

My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it:—as you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd moſt unluckily,) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet with immodeſt hatred;
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no life,——
I prize it not a ſtraw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake,) I tell you,
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. THIS your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Ruſſia* was my father,
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon the Sword of Juſtice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Prieſt; and that ſince then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaſte*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King ſhall live without an heir, if That, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praiſed!

Leo. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Seſſion ſhall proceed; this is mere falſhood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King,—

Leo. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.—How now, there?
[Her. *faints.*
Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and ladies with* Hermione.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great Prophaneneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle!
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*;
(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the Miniſter, to priſon
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift Command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour: how he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt! and how his Piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Paul. WOE the while!
O, cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.——

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What ſtudied torments, Tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of mine!) O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhew thee off, a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer; but the laſt, O lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance
for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid!
Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but Deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.
Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.
Paul. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.
Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;
One Grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The Chapel where they lie, and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bohemia. *A deſart Country; the Sea at a little Diſtance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. THOU art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſarts of *Bohemia?*

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of pray, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'th' buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead

May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife *Paulina* more.——And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams are toys.
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lie, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty
one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins;——Poor
wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow, (weep I cannot,

But

But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.) Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! this is the chaſe;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

SCENE VII.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I Would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting ——— hark you now! —— would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep, which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here! [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; ſure, ſome 'ſcape: tho' I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!——

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea; for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but ſee how it chaſes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to the point; oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice—to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid, his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing——— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo, let's ſee: it was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome changling: open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the ſins of your youth

youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!——

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſy. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of *Time*,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the gulf untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times, that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving

Th'

Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o'th' King's whom *Florizel*
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſy. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that *Time* himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

POLIXENES.

I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not

not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the reaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſing him) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the Angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy

eaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*—we muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Country.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

WHEN daffadils begin to peere,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
* *Why, then come in the ſweet o'th' year;*
'Fore the red blood reins-in the winter pale.
The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my progging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.

* *Why, then* comes *in the ſweet o' th' year;*
For the red blood reigns *in the* winter's *pale.*] This Nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,

Why, then come *in the ſweet o' th' year;*
'Fore *the red blood* reins-*in the winter pale.*

i. e. Why then come in, or let us enjoy, Pleaſure, while the Seaſon ſerves, before *pale Winter reins-in* the *red* or youthful *Blood;* as much as to ſay, let us enjoy Life in Youth, before old Age comes and freezes up the Blood.

If

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffic is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under *Mercury;* who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this capariſon; and my revenue is the ſilly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clo. LET me ſee,——Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wool too?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the cock's mine.—

[*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt, three pound of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice——what will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers; three-man ſong-men all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates——none—that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o'th' ſun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo.

Clo. I'th' name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death——

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſeman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, ſweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſeman's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about * with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a ſervant of

* *with tral-my-dames:*] *Trou-madame,* French. The Game of Nine-holes.

the

the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a *motion of the prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in a rogue; ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig; — he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia;* if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewel, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir! Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

* *motion of the prodigal ſon,*] *i. e.* the *Puppet-ſhow*, then called *Motions*. A Term frequently occurring in our Author.

SONG.

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Proſpect of a Shepherd's Cot.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. THESE your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but *Flora*
Peering in *April*'s front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should

Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence!
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*,
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated: and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o' th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'th' feaſt; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay *no*. Be merry, (Gentle,)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.
Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. SEE, your gueſts approach?
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th'table, now i'th'middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'th day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, *Dorcas*—Reverend Sirs,
For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth

Of

Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o'th' ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtic garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which in their piedneſs ſhares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; ſo over that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentle ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itſelf is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them baſtards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January*

Would

Would blow you through and through. Now, my
fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength; (a malady
Most incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O these, I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarse; or if,—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In whitson pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, (sweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so, give alms;
Pray, so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th'sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens. *Per.*

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. *Mopſa* muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlic to mend her kiſſing with—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays, he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. She does any thing, tho' I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him That
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O Maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burdens of dil-do's and fa-ding's: jump her and thump her: and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any upbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambrics, lawns; why, he ſings them over, as they were Gods and Goddeſſes;

deſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-band and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will

they wear their plackets, where they ſhould wear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well, they are whiſp'ring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs *Tale-porter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one

that

that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.——

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to the grange, or mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack

after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the firſt choice: follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the Pedler; money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exe.* Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. MASTER, there are three carters, three ſheepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves * all men of hair, they call themſelves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th' mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe, that refreſh us: 'pray, let's ſee theſe four-threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

* *all men of hair,*] *i. e.* nimble, that leap as if they rebounded: The Phraſe is taken from *Tennis-balls*, which were ſtuffed with Hair. So in *Henry* V. it is ſaid of a Courſer,

He bounds as if his Entrails were Hairs.

Here

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them; [herd?
He's ſimple, and tells much.——How now, fair ſhep-
Your heart is full of ſomething, that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, or the fann'd ſnow
That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before! I've put you out;
But, to your proteſtation: let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them

Without her love; for her imploy them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age. *Pol.*

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No; he muſt not.
Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſceptre's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou coap'ſt with——
Shep. O my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,

Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. EVEN here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike—Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone?
[*To* Florizel.
I told you, what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know That which I know. O Sir,
[*To* Florizel.
* You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now

* *You have undone a man of fourſcore three*, &c.] Theſe Sentiments, which the Poet has highten'd by a Strain of Ridicule that runs thro' them, admirably characterize the Speaker; whoſe Selfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the Adventure of *Perdita;* and here ſupported, by ſhewing no Regard for his Son or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three.*

Some

Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt, This was the Prince; and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Flo. WHY look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo*——

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!—Lift up thy looks!—
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;

If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo*,
Nor for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*——
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Cam.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,

You

You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'th' love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſic
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction;
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after That truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia;*
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair Princeſs
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes;*
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee

Leontes

Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th'one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
* The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love.
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

* *The which ſhall point you forth at every* ſitting,] *Every ſitting*, ſays Mr. *Theobald*, *methinks*, *gives us but a very poor Idea*. But a poor Idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *very ſitting*. The Truth is, the common Reading is very expreſſive; and means, at every Audience you ſhall have of the King and Council. The Council-Days being, in our Author's Time, called, in common Speech, *the Sittings*.

Per.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis Pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.
Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.
Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*——
But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our Houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*——
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene, you play, were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.—
[*They talk aſide.*

SCENE X.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. HA, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my Pack from faſting: they throng

throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Flor. *and* Perd. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that Doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes*——

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autol.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging. [*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal That

That from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly: (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half flead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)——

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had Earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſs! (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own Seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the Play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King [*Aſide.*
Of this Eſcape, and whither they are bound:

Wherein

Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia;* for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to th' ſea-ſide.

[*Exit* Flor. *with* Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I Underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? ſure, the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore.* The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King; and, ſo, your

your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is That in this Farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: let me pocket up my Pedler's excrement. How now, ruſtiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, an it like your Worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel, therefore they do give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the Court in theſe enfoldings?

dings? hath not my gait in it the meaſure of the Court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no Courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-a-pè;* and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomly.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical; a Great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly;

fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old Sheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, beſides the King to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; and tho' authority be a ſtubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ſton'd, and flay'd alive——

Shep. An't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for

for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſeaſide, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, *Fortune* would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good; which, who knows how That may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to SICILIA.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heir-leſs it hath made my Kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
Kill'd? ſhe I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not ſo,

You

You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers (by his highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen? This will.
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of Majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone; beſides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary;
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again

Again poſſeſs her corps; and on this ſtage,
(Where we offend her now) appear ſoul-vext,
And begin, Why to me?——
Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.
Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, *Paulina;* ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.
Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina,*
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.
Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. ONE that gives out himſelf prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his princeſs (ſhe,
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leo. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; * ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; *ſhe had not been,*
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you've ſeen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman

* ——*ſo muſt thy grave*] *Grave* for *Epitaph*.

More

More worth than any man: men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines;*
Yourſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As your fair princeſs, goddeſs!—oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly!) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, (at friend)
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,

Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bad me ſay ſo, more than all the ſceptres,
And thoſe that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs,
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libya.*

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your *Sicilian* ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in *Libya*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſue-leſs; and your father's bleſs'd,

As

As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

SCENE IV.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. MOST noble Sir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo high. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his ſon, who has,
His dignity and duty both caſt off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage: to your court
Whilſt he was haſtning, in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour and whoſe honeſty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves, as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leo. You are marry'd?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in birth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. 'Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections.
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.
Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made—But your petition
[*To* Florizel
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now

I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Near the Court in Sicilia.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. BESEECH you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, languge in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more: the news, *Rogero?*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfil'd; the King's daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news,

which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*—her jewel about the neck of it—the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother,—— the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then aſks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which

which ſeems much to juſtify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, ho, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her huſband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did with an, *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by * that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano;* who, had he

* *that rare* Italian *maſter,* Julio Romano; &c.] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *All the Encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent Artiſt in Painting and Architecture, do not amount to the fine Praiſe here given*

himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape: He ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this miſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

SCENE VI.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my

given him by our Author. But he is ever the Unluckieſt of all Critics when he paſſes Judgment on Beauties and Defects. The Paſſage happens to be quite unworthy *Shakeſpear.* 1. He makes his Speaker ſay, that was *Julio Romano* the God of Nature, he would outdo Nature. For this is the plain Meaning of the Words, *had he himſelf Eternity, and could put Breath into his Work, he would beguile Nature of her Cuſtom.* 2*dly*, He makes of this famous Painter, a *Statuary;* I ſuppoſe confounding him with *Michael Angelo;* but, what is worſt of all, a *Painter of Statues*, like Mrs. *Salmon* of her Wax-work.

Mr. *Warburton.*

will

will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: ſee you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia.*

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it; and, I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow, if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

Paul.

Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death; behold, and ſay, 'tis well!
[Paulina *draws a curtain, and diſcovers*
Hermione *ſtanding like a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you, my Liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?
Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione;* or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her,
As ſhe liv'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of Majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; do's not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magic in thy Majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee.
Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,

Dear

Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.
Paul. O, patience;——
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.
Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.
Leo. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon, it move.
Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it? ſee, my Lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
*Leo.** The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:

* *The* fixure *of her eye has motion in't,*] We ſhould read,
The fiſſure *of her eye*——
i. e. the Socket, the Place where the Eye is.

No

No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, *Paulina;*
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting; ſhall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move, indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
Paul. Muſic; awake her: ſtrike; [*Muſic.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away:

Bequeath

Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive, ſhe ſtirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.
Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing; turn, good Lady:
Our *Perdita* is found.
[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.
Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court; for thou ſhalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.
Paul. There's time enough for That;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation

Partake

Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina:*
Thou ſhouldſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable huſband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What,? look upon my brother: Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion: this, your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King—whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

KING *JOHN.*

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Saliſbury,
Hubert,
Bigot,
} Engliſh *Lords.*
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

THE

*The LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Saliſbury, *with* Chatilion.

King JOHN.

NOW, ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*,
In my behaviour, to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. *John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffrey*'s ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.

* *The troubleſome Reign of King John* was written in two Parts, by *W. Shakeſpear* and *W. Rowley*, and printed 1611. But the preſent Play is entirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it. Mr. *Pope*.

K. *John.* What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. *John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France.*
Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſy.
K. *John.* Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatilion.*
[*Exeunt* Chat. *and* Pem.
Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody, iſſue arbitrate.
K. *John.* Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us—
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me:
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.
Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. *John.* Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge——What men are you?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his Brother, the Baſtard.*

Phil. YOUR faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. *John.* What art thou?

Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge.*

K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?

Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. *John.* A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But, once, he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,

And

And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. *John.* Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. *John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard:* Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much; ——

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To *Germany;* there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And

And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all huſbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In ſooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; this concludes,
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's Will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed Son of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of the preſence, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuft; * my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, look, where three farthings goes!
And to his ſhape were heir to all his land;

* ——— *my face ſo thin,*
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhou'd ſay, look, where three-farthings *goes!*] We muſt obſerve, to explain this Alluſion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the firſt, and indeed the only Prince who coin'd in *England* Three-half-pence, and Three-farthing Pieces. She at one and the ſame Time coin'd Shillings, Six-pences, Groats, Three-pences, Two-pences, Three-half-pence, Pence, Three Farthings, and Half-pence: And theſe Pieces all had her Head, and were *alternately* with the *Roſe* behind, and without the *Roſe*. The Shilling, Groat, Two-pence, Penny, and Half-penny had it not: The other intermediate Coins, *viz.* the Six-pence, Three-pence, Three-half-pence, and Three Farthings had the *Roſe*.
Mr. *Theobald*.

'Would, I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any caſe.
Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to *France.*
Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. *John.* What is thy name?
Phil. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldeſt ſon.
K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe up more great;
Ariſe Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet.*
Phil. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day.
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!
Eli. The very ſpirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me ſo.
Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch:
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have his have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. *John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire;
A landleſs Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
Come, Madam; and come, *Richard;* we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France;* for it is more than need.

Phil.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th' way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but* Philip.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
Good-den, Sir *Richard*,——Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter;*
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
For your converſing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My picqued man of countries:—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you,——that is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an ABC-book:
O, Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:——
No, Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,——
And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po;*
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
[And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;

Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. WHERE is that ſlave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s ſon: why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Robert*'s ſon; and ſo art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Phil. Philip!——ſpare me, *James*;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* James.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holp to make this leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Phil.

Phil. *Knight, Knight, good mother——*Baſiliſco* like.
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a *Faulconbridge?*
Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.
Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long, and vehement ſuit, I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my traſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.
Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,

* *Knight, Knight, good mother*---Baſiliſco *like.*] The Words allude to an Expreſſion in an old fooliſh Play, then the common but of Ridicule. But the Beauty of the Paſſage conſiſts in his alluding, at the ſame Time, to his high Original. His Father, *Richard the Firſt*, was ſurnamed *Cœur-de-lion*. And the *Cor Leonis*, a fixed Star of the firſt Magnitude, in the Sign *Leo*, is called *Baſiliſco*.

If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays, it was, he lies; I ſay, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Auſtria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *Engliſh John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death
The rather, that you give his off-ſpring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till *Angiers* and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And

And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n till that outmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. *Phil.* Well then, to work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town;
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *Franchmen*'s blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. *Phil.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger *Chatilion* is arrived;
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chatilion*, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time

To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-Queen,
An *Até*, ſtirring him to blood and ſtriſe.
With her, her niece, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain;*
With them a baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the *Engliſh* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Phil.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. *John.* PEACE be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and peace aſcend to heav'n.
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. *Phil.*

K. *Phil.* Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that *England*'s ſake
With burden of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King;
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity;
Out-faced infant ſtate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey*'s face.
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; *England* was *Geffrey*'s right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. *John.* From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, *France*,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. *Phil.* From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the bolts and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. *John.* Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. *Phil.* Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou doſt call uſurper, *France?*

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.—

Eli Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,

As thine was to thy huſband: and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think,
His father never was, ſo true-begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace——

Faul. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Faul. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a'may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoke your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faul. It lies as ſightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides'* ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Philip*, determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.

K. *Phil.* Women and fools, break off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. *John.* My life as ſoon.—I do defy thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,

Than

Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Conſt. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe're ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth!
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon.
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. *John.* Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvis'd ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.

Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.

K. *Phil.* Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers;* let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. WHO is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. *Phil.* 'Tis *France*, for *England.*

K. *John.* *England* for itſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects——

K. *Phil.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,

(Who

(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoke,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. *Phil.* When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet;*
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt the invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war:

Tho'

Tho' all theſe *Engliſh* and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. *John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed——

Faul. (Baſtards, and elſe.)

K. *John.* To verify our title with their lives.

K. *Phil.* As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe——

Faul. (Some baſtards too.)

K. *Phil.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound, whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.

K. *John.* Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. *Phil.* *Amen*, *Amen.*—Mount chevaliers, to arms!

Faul. Saint *George* that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To* Auſtria.

Auſt. Peace, no more.

Faul. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. *John.*

K. *John.* Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.
Faul. Speed then to take th'advantage of the field.
K. *Phil.* It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A long Charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. YOU men of *Angiers,* open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lie ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French;*
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers;* ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmen*'s blood.
There ſtruck no plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France.*
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame hands;
That did diſplay them, when we firſt march'd forth;
And,

And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the Onſet and Retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at ſeveral Doors.

K. *John.* *FRANCE*, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our Right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. *Phil. England*, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot trial, more than we of *France*;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faul.

Faul. Ha! Majeſty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the ſtained field.
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let Confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. *Phil.* Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King?

K. *Phil.* Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. * A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings are our fears,——until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faul. By heav'n, the Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and Acts of death.
You royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend

* *A greater pow'r, than* we, *denies all this;*
Kings of *our fears,*——] We ſhould read, *than ye.* What Power was this? their *fears.* It is plain therefore we ſhould read,
Kings are our fears,——
i. e. our Fears are the Kings which at preſent rule us.

Your

Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even till the unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty States?
Smacks it not ſomething of the Policy?

K. *John*. Now by the ſky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who ſhall be King of it?

Faul. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Phil*. Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. *John*. We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this City's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. *Phil*. Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faul. O prudent diſcipline! from North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit.

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroak or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If love, ambitious, ſought a match of Birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way complete:
If not complete, oh ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If Want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a She:
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,

Lions

Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.
Faul. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoke and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France;*
Zounds! I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a Yielding in the looks of *France;*
Mark, how they whiſper; urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. *Phil.* Speak, *England*, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this City: what ſay you?
K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love;*
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.

For

For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this City now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princeſs of the world.

K. *Phil.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow.
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.

Faul. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. *John.*

K. *John.* What ſay theſe young Ones? what ſay you, my Niece?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in Honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. *John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, aſk me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. *John.* Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of *Engliſh* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. *Phil.* It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. *Phil.* Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary*'s Chapel preſently
The Rights of Marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Conſtance* in this troop?
I know, ſhe is not; for this Match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs' Tent.

K. *Phil.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have, turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John.* We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of. Call the lady *Conſtance;*
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt, we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.
[*Exeunt all but* Faulconbridge.

SCENE VI.

Faul. MAD world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop *Arthur*'s Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——

And

And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue than ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, *and* Saliſbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,

And

And, tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall and die,
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.

Conſt. If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!

Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John;*
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to *John;*
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping *John!*
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout.
To me, and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my Grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow ſit:
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

[*Sits down on the floor.*

SCENE II.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

K. *Phil.* 'TIS true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt;

Turning

Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy-day. —— [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. *Phil.* By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn,
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be huſband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.

O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faul. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faul. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs. [fall

Auſt. * Methinks, that *Richard*'s pride and *Richard*'s
Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faul. What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!

* *Methinks, that* Richard's *pride*, &c.] What was the Ground of this Quarrel of the Baſtard to *Auſtria* is no where ſpecify'd in the preſent Play: Nor is there in this Place, or the Scene where it is firſt hinted at (namely the ſecond of Act II.) the leaſt mention of any Reaſon for it. But the Story is, that *Auſtria*, who kill'd King *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the Spoil of that Prince, a Lion's Hide which had belong'd to him. This Circumſtance renders the Anger of the Baſtard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the firſt Sketch of this Play (which *Shakeſpear* is ſaid to have a Hand in, jointly with *William Rowley*) we accordingly find this inſiſted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thoſe Verſes here.

Mr. *Pope*.

How

How doth *Alecto* whiſper in my ears,
Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain ſtrait;
Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages.—
Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.

K. *John*. We like not this, thou doſt forget thyſelf.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Phil*. HERE comes the holy Legate of the Pope,

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our 'forſaid holy Father's name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John*. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great Supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.

So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.
K. *Phil.* Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.
K. *John.* Tho' you and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe, that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Tho' you, and all the reſt, ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.
Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.
Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curſe.
Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?
Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raiſe the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.

Eli.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.——

Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.

Faul. And hang a calve's ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——

Faul. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. *John.* *Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of *Rome*.

Conſt. *Lewis*, ſtand faſt; the Devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith;
But from her need.

Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. *John.* The King is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.

Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.

Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.

Faul. Hang nothing but a calve's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.

K. *Phil.* I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.

Pand. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?

K. *Phil.* Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;

And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo, jeſt with heav'n?
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O, holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doſt [hold.

K. *Phil.* I may diſ-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf;
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is yet amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure——
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faul. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour!——

Lewis. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. *Phil.* Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd Majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconſtancy!

K. *John.* *France*, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faul. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They

They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. *John.* Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together. [*Exit* Faulconbridge.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of *France.*

K. *Phil.* Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John.* No more, than he that threats. To arms, let's hie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Auſtria's *Head.*

Faul. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria*'s head lie there.—
Thus hath King *Richard*'s ſon perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Auſtria*'s blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. *John*. There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*, make up;
My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. My lord, I reſcu'd her:
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. *John*. SO ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Couſin, look not ſad,
[*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John*. Couſin away for *England;* haſte before,
[*To* Faulconbridge.
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry war be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force. [back.

Faul. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your highneſs: grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin.

K. *John*. Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Faul.

Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;—hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*

K. *John*.

K. *John.* [*to* Hubert *on the other ſide.*
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,——
But thou ſhall have—and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay——but, let it go:
The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot laughter keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:

But

But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.
K. *John.* Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very ſerpent in my way.
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. *John.* A grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
K. *John.* Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember:—Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty.
Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!
K. *John.* For *England*, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. *Phil.* SO, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
K. *Phil.*

K. *Phil.* What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur ta'en Pris'ner? diverſe dear friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of *France?*

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order *in ſo fierce a courſe,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. *Phil.* Well could I bear that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.

K. *Phil.* Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle *Conſtance.*

Conſt. No, I defy all counſel, and redreſs,
But that, which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thyſelf;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,

* —— —— *in ſo fierce a* cauſe.] We ſhould read, *Courſe*, *i. e.* march.

And

And kiſs thee as thy wife; miſery's love,
O come to me!

K. *Phil.* O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were!
For then 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. *Phil.* Bind up thoſe treſſes; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To *England*, if you will.——

K. *Phil.* Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that

O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have giv'n theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.——

K. *Phil.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-clothes.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. *Phil.* I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Lewis. THERE's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his priſoner?
Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetic ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlippr'y place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are: and freſh in this old world?
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already.
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!——The baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;

Or,

Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin;*
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.
Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to ENGLAND.

A PRISON.

Enter Hubert *and Executioners.*

HUBERT.

HEAT me theſe irons hot, and, look, thou ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair; be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you: look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good-morrow, *Hubert.*
Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I;

Yet

Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey*'s ſon?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert?* you look pale to day;
In ſooth, I wou'd, you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſ-piteous nature out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,

Saying,

Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but *Hubert*'s.

Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n's ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thruſt

Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed,
[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.——

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, *Hubert;*
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
Nay,

Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Saliſbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* HERE once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,

To

To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome;
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs;
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the flaw,
Than did the flaw before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your highneſs
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.

K. *John.* Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
(Both for myſelf and them; but chief of all,
Your ſafety; for the which, myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies;) heartily requeſt
The infranchiſement of *Arthur*; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John.* Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man, ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſent:
His paſſion is ſo ripe it needs muſt break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. *John.* We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand.

Good

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.
Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.
K. *John.* Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewel!
Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Saliſbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *John.* THEY burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by other's death— [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood,
[*To the Meſſenger.*
That I have ſeen inhabit thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*
Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:

For when you ſhould be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. *John*. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?
Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Conſtance* in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or falſe, I know not.
K. *John*. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France*?
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe pow'rs of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?
Meſ. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. *John*. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Faul. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.
K. *John*. Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Faul. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear,
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me

From

From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. *John*. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. *John*. *Hubert*, away with him, impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faul. The *French*, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Saliſbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John*. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faul. I will ſeek them out. [before.

K. *John*. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit*.

K. *John*. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he. *Meſ*.

Meſ. With all heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* My mother dead!

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. MY lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. *John.* Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he, that ſpeaks; doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death. [fears?

K. *John* Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John.* It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,

To

To underſtand a law, to know the meaning,
Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than adviſ'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal, for what I did.

K. *John.* Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endear'd to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord——

K. *John.* Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O, haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before a Priſon.

Enter Arthur *on the Walls, diſguis'd.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*

Oh

Oh me! my Uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondſbury*;
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whoſe private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faul. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Faul. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Faul. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faul. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lies here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.
Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, altho' you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pem. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.

Faul. It is a damned and a blood work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand:
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.

Pem. } Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.
Bigot. }

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. LORDS, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*
Faul. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord *Saliſbury*, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heav'n, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoever ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeak; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Faul. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.
Faul. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Saliſbury*.
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think, the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch a rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me all you, whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
Pem. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Faul. HERE's a good world; know you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, (if thou didſt this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert.*
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Faul. Ha! I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black——nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer.*
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.
Hub. Upon my ſoul——
Faul. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread,
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,

Enough

Enough to ſtiffe ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorn and dangers of this world.
How eaſy doſt thou take all *England* up!
From forth this morſel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt;
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a Raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away the child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the Land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown.*

Pand.

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſovereign Greatneſs and Authority.

K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop the Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or Overthrow incurable inſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring Land.
On this *Aſcenſion day*, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Is this *Aſcenſion-day?* did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faul. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Caſtle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.*

K. *John*. Would not my lords return to me again
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

Faul. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. *John*. That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faul. So on my ſoul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. *John*. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin*.

Faul. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd, ſilken, Wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,

Mocking

Mocking the air with Colours idly ſpread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw, we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Dauphin's *Camp.*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Saliſbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY lord *Melun,* let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the preſident to theſe lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin,* albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a Sore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Saliſbury.*
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſic of our Right,

We

We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh, my grieved friends!
That we the ſons and children of this Iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger March
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced cauſe;)
To grace the gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhow'r, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned *Saliſbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping.

Come

Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As *Lewis* himſelf; ſo, Nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpeeds;
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of Right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome;* his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of *Rome.*
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a Lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace:
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at controul;
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd Kingdom and myſelf;
And brought in matter, that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this Land;
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart:

And

And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:
And now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome*'s ſlave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match, play'd for a Crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return,
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook Conqueſt, and to win Renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

SCENE IV.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faul. ACCORDING to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:

And

And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faul. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The Youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King;
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſk, and unadviſed revel,
This unheard ſaucineſs and boyiſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks,
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh* man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms;
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoiance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero*'s, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in peace: We

We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faul. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *John;* and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French.*

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faul. And thou ſhall find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt. *{Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert

K. *John.* HOW goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me; oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me which way you go.
K. *John.* Tell him, tow'rd *Swinſtead*, to the Abbey, there.
Meſ. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Godwin* ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now;
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.
K. *John.* Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinſtead*; to my Litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Camp.*

Enter Saliſbury, Pembroke *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the *French*:
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſ-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, King *John*, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.

Seek

Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmonſbury;*
Ev'n on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.

Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true,
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt.
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmokes about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
(For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*,)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation, and devout deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form

Of

Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds, we have o'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Pight in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newneſs, that intends old right!

[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE VII.

Changes to a different part of the French *Camp.*

Enter Lewis, *and his Train.*

Lewis. THE ſun of heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet,
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh;
When th'*Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my prince, the *Dauphin?*

Lewis. Here; what news?

Meſ. The count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* lords
By his perſuaſion are again fall'n off;
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Godwin* ſands.

Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd, news! Beſhrew thy very heart,

I did not think to be ſad to night,
As this hath made me. Who was he, that ſaid,
King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Hubert, *ſeverally.*

Hub. WHO's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Faul. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England.*
Faul. And whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Faul. *Hubert*, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Faul. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
Hub. Unkind remembrance! * thou and eyeleſs night
Have done me ſhame; brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear

* —— *thou and* endleſs *night*] We ſhould read, *eyeleſs*. So *Pindar* calls the Moon, the *Eye of Night.*

Faul. Come, come; *ſans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faul. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Faul. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a Monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T'acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Faul. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faul. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.

Faul. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Orchard in Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain.

(Which

(Which, ſome ſuppoſe, the ſoul's frail dwelling houſe,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon, which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon their outward parts,
Leaves them inſenſible; his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng, and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. *John.* Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* Poiſon'd, ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom: nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I aſk not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. *John.* The ſalt of the n is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faul. OH! I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Oh! couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the ſhrowds, wherewith my life ſhall ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faul. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him.
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal.

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord! —— but now a King ——
now thus.
Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on. and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
Faul. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.
Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dauphin;*
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.
Faul. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his Cauſe and Quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.
Faul. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.
Henry. At *Worceſter* muſt his body be interr'd.
For ſo he will'd it.

Faul. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal State, and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all Submiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a Spot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faul. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
Thus *England* never did, nor never ſhall,
Lie at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF *RICHARD* THE SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second*,
Duke of York,
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth*.
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Lord Berkley.
Buſhy, }
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland,
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland, } *Friends to* Boling-
Roſs, } broke.
Willoughby,
Biſhop of Carliſle, } *Friends to King* Richard.
Sir Stephen Scroop, }
Fitzwater,
Surry,
Abbot of Weſtminſter, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton,

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of* England.

THE

The LIFE and DEATH of KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

OLD *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late Appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. *Rich.* Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
* If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent Danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no invet'rate malice.

K. *Rich.* Then call them to our preſence; face to face,

* *If he* appeal *the Duke;*] *Appeal, i. e.* call demand, challenge. From *appello.* Mr. *Pope.*

And frowning brow to brow, Ourſelves will hear
Th' accuſer, and th' accuſed freely ſpeak:
High-ſtomach'd are they Both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

SCENE II.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. MAY many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your Crown!

K. *Rich.* We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t'appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Boling. Firſt (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a Subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I Appellant to this princely preſence.
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my Greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the Sky,
The uglier ſeem the Clouds, that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul Traitor's Name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, ere I move,
What my Tongue ſpeaks, my Right-drawn Sword may prove.

Mowb.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair Rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of Treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's Royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſland'rous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling Coward; there I throw my Gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's Royalty:
(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except:)
If guilty Dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine Honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. *Rich.* What doth our Couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s
It muſt be great, * that can inherit us [charge?
So much as of a thought of Ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge,
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye;
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetch from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad Life to make all This good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abel*'s, cries
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious Worth of my Deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. *Rich.* How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my Sov'reign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this Slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. *Rich.* *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's ſon;
Now by my Scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize

* *that can* inherit *us*] We ſhould read, *inhabit.*

Th'

Th' unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.
Mowb. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Calais*,
Diſburſt I to his Highneſs' ſoldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſov'reign Liege was in my debt;
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now, ſwallow down that Lie.--For *Glouceſter*'s death,
I ſlew him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitors foot;
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our trial-day.
K. *Rich.* Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this Choler without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.

Good

Good Uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.
K. *Rich.* And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.
Mowb. Myſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my Shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair Name,
(Deſpight of death, That lives upon my Grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no blame can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.
K. *Rich.* Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs Reputation; That away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In That I live, and for That will I die.
K. *Rich.* Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.
Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,

Before

Before this out-dar'd Daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, ev'n in *Mowbray*'s face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. *Rich.* We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At *Coventry* upon Saint *Lambert*'s day.
There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at Arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Duke of Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. ALAS! the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s blood
Doth more ſollicit me, than your Exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the Will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some

Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by Nature's Courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the Deſt'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ſter*,
(One vial, full of *Edward*'s ſacred blood;
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root;)
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe!
Ah, *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee;
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life;
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is deſpair.
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardiſe in noble breaſts,
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is to 'venge my *Glo'ſter*'s death.

Gaunt. God's is the Quarrel; for God's Subſtitute,
His Deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his Miniſter.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain myſelf?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's Champion and Defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will: farewel, old *Gaunt*, farewel.

Thou go'ſt to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Couſin *Hereford* and ſell *Mowbray* fight.
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on *Hereford*'s ſpear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*'s breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,

Be

Be *Mowbray*'s ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming Courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant to my couſin *Hereford!*
Farewel, old *Gaunt;* thy ſometime brother's wife
With her companion Grief muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry.*
As much Good ſtay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For Sorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York:*
Lo, this is all——nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him——oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* ſee there
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Un-peopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me,—let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt Leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Liſts, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marſhal, and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord *Aumerle,* is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk,* ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the Summon's of th' Appellant's trumpet.

Aum.

Aum. Why, then the Champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Majeſty's approach. [*Flouriſh.*

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are ſet, Enter the Duke of Norfolk *in arms, Defendant.*

K. *Rich.* Marſhal, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms;
Aſk him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his Cauſe.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, ſay who thou art [*To* Mowb.
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And ſo defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heav'n defend, a Knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding Iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Bolingbroke, *Appellant, in armour.*

K. *Rich.* Marſhal, aſk yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally, according to our Law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his Cauſe,

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,

Before

Before King *Richard*, in his royal Liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heav'n!

Boling. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns. [hand.

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Sovereign's
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
And bow my knee before his Majeſty:
For *Mowbray* and myſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave,
And loving Farewel, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your Highneſs, [*To* K. Rich.
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. *Rich*. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy Cauſe is right,
So be thy Fortune in this royal fight!
Farewel, my Blood; which if to day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s ſpear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Couſin, lord *Aumerle*.
Not ſick, although I have to do with Death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing Breath.——
Lo, as at *Engliſh* Feaſts, ſo I regreet

The

The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at Victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy Bleſſings ſteel my Lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s waxen Coat,
And furbiſh new the Name of *John* o' *Gaunt*
Ev'n in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good Cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like Lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy.
Rouſe up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s Throne,
A loyal, juſt and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This Feaſt of battle, with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

K. *Rich.* Farewel, my lord; ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marſhal, and begin.

Mar. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Receive thy Lance; and heav'n defend thy Right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this Lance to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*

1 *Her.* *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign and Himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the Signal to begin. [*A Charge ſounded.*

Mar. Sound, Trumpets; and ſet forward, Combatants.
--But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. *Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And Both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flouriſh; after which, the King ſpeaks to the Combatants.*

Draw near;——
And liſt, what with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
[* And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating Envy ſet you on,
To wake our Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep:]

* *And for we think, the eagle-winged pride*, &c.] Theſe five Verſes are omitted in the other Editions, and reſtored from the firſt of 1598. Mr. *Pope.*

Which

Which thus rouz'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,
And harſh-reſounding trumpets' dreadful Bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You couſin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of Baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: this muſt my comfort be,
That Sun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Baniſhment.

K. *Rich*. *Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce.
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy Sentence, my moſt ſovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim,
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forego;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp;
Or, like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly port-cullis'd with my Teeth and Lips:
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance
Is made my Goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a Pupil now:

What

What is thy Sentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. *Rich.* It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our Sentence, Plaining comes too late.
Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.
K. *Rich* Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal Sword your baniſh'd hands:
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n,
(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, (ſo help you truth, and heav'n!)
Embrace each other's love in Baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,
'Gainſt us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Boling. I ſwear.
Mowb. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine enemy:——
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land,
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this Realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty ſoul.
Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke;* if ever I were traitor,
My Name be blotted from the Book of life,
And I from heav'n baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England;* all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

K. *Rich.* UNCLE, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart, thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Return with Welcome home from Baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs,
End in a word; ſuch is the Breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done:
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. *Rich.* Why, uncle? thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is currant with him, for my death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. *Rich.* Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour:
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his Fault, I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:

But

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.
A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the Sentence my own life deſtroy'd.
K. *Rich.* Couſin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Aum. COUSIN, farewel; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no Greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a Travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of World
I wander from the Jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long Apprentice-hood,
To foreign paſſages, and in the End

Having my Freedom, boaſt of Nothing elſe
But that I was a Journeyman to Grief?
Gaunt. All Places that the Eye of Heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the King did baniſh Thee;
But Thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives It is but fairly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring Peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling Sorrow hath leſs Pow'r to bite
The Man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic Summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore. [way;
Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy
Had I thy Youth, and Cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Boling. Then, *England*'s Ground, fairwel; ſweet
ſoil, adieu,
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd; yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exe.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Court.

Enter King Richard, *and* Bagot, *&c. at one door; and the Lord* Aumerle, *at the other.*

K. *Rich.* WE did, indeed, obſerve —— Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next High-way, and there I left him.
K. *Rich.* And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-eaſt wind,
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheum; and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow Parting with a tear.
K. *Rich.* What ſaid your couſin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel.——
And, for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, That tought me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's Grave.
Marry, would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort Baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.
K. *Rich.* He is our kinſman, Couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from Baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and *Ruſhy*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy?
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;

Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune:
As 'twere to baniſh their Affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With,—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends,
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our Subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.———

Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient Manage muſt be made, my Liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.

K. *Rich.* We will ourſelf in perſon to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a Court,
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. *Rich. Buſhy*, what news?

Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is ſick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt-haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. *Rich.* Where lies he?

Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe.*

K. *Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately;

The

The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heav'n, we may make haſte, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ELY-HOUSE.

Gaunt *brought in, ſick; with the Duke of* York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they, whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting Sun,——and muſic in the cloſe.——
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad Tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his State; there are, beſide,
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:

Report of Faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy, apiſh, Nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where Will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inſpir'd,
And, thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tries betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate Cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
The royal Throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd Iſle,
This Earth of Majeſty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradiſe*,
This fortreſs, built by Nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy Breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier Lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
For chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the world's Ranſom, bleſſed *Mary*'s Son;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear Land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die, pronouncing it)

Like

Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful Conqueſt of itſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

SCENE II.

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

York. THE King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaſter?*

K. *Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt?*

Gaunt. Oh, how that Name befits my compoſition!
Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. *Rich.* Can ſick-men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. *Rich.* Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. *Rich.* Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt, thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dieſt, though I ſicker be.
K. *Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows, I ſee thee ill.
Ill in myſelf, but ſeeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the Land,
Wherein thou lieſt in Reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs Patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians, that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy Crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy Land.
Oh, had thy Grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt;
Who art poſſeſs'd now, to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, Couſin, wert thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou now, not King:
Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law;
And Thou——
K. *Rich.* And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my Seat's right-royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not Brother to Great *Edward*'s ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.
Gaunt.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother *Edward*'s ſon,
For that I was his father *Edward*'s ſon.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mong ſt happy ſouls!
May be a precedant and witneſs good,
That thou reſpects not ſpilling *Edward*'s blood.
Join with the preſent Sickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out.*

K. *Rich.* And let them die, that Age and Sullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age:
He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. *Rich.* Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be, as it is.

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. MY Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. *Rich.* What ſays old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

York. Be *York* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. *Rich.* The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.——Now for our *Iriſh* wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us.
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender Duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ſter*'s death, not *Hereford*'s Baniſhment,
Not *Gaunt*'s rebukes. nor *England*'s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſour my patient cheek;
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
I am the laſt of noble *Edward*'s ſons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was firſt:
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely Gentleman;
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the *French*,
And not againſt his friends: His noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not That,
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, *Richard! York* is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.
K. *Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O, my Liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleas'd

Not

Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take *Hereford*'s Rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomary Rights.
Let not to-morrow then enſue to day;
Be not thyſelf. — For how art thou a King,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s Right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
And pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. *Rich.* Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while; my Liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* Go, *Buſhy*, to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtraight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſs done: To-morrow next
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England*:
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen; to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of Stay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Roſs.

North. WELL, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.

Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Willo. Tends, what you'd ſpeak, to the Duke of *Hereford?*
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heav'n, it's ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Roſs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the Nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, I wot not what;
But what o' God's name doth become of this?

North.

North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That, which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace. than they in wars.
Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not money for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
(His burdenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
North. His noble Kinſman—moſt degenerate King!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck, that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo: ev'n through the hollow eyes of Death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland;*
We three are but thyſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from *Port le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,

All

All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*,
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out our drooping Country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking Pawn the blemiſh'd Crown,
Wipe of the duſt that hides our Scepter's gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like itſelf:
Away with me in poſt to *Ravenſpurg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe; urge Doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The COURT.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſhy. MADAM, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe,
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a Gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard:* yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With ſomething trembles, yet at nothing grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Buſhy.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glaz'd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like Perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.——So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; Conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reverſion That I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

SCENE VI.

Enter Green.

Green. HEAV'N ſave your Majeſty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope, the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipt?

Green.

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power;
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy's Hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg.*

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The lord *Northumberland*, his young ſon *Percy*,
The lords of *Roſs*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke.*

Queen. So, *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow, join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. HERE comes the Duke of *York.*

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;

Oh,

Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.
York. * Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care, and Grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop this Land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.
York. He was; why, ſo, go all, which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie*, to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to day I came by, and call'd there;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is't?
Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpach'd for *Ireland?*
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?
Come, ſiſter; (couſin, I would ſay;) pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the Servants.*
And bring away the armour that is there.

* *Should I do ſo*, &c.] This Line added from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Gentle-

Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
My kinſman is, One whom the King hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right,
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you. Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Berkley* caſtle:
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too;——
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

SCENE VIII.

Buſhy. THE wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to levy Power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our Nearneſs to the King in Love
Is near the Hate of thoſe, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes; and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then ſo do we;
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for Refuge ſtraight to *Briſtol* Caſtle;
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?

Bagot.

Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel: If heart's Preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.
Buſhy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*
Green. Alas, poor Duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.
Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to a wild Proſpect in Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland.

Boling. HOW far is it, my lord, to *Berkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire:*
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſhold*, will be found
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter:* whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I thought, my lord, t'have learn'd his health of you,
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?
Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The Houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford;*
And ſent me o'er by *Berkley*, to diſcover
What Pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord: for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy;* and be ſure,
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends;
And as my Fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.
North. How far is it to *Berkley?* and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy.

Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords, *York, Berkley, Seymour;*
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore, thanks;—(th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of *Berkley*, as I gueſs.

Berk. My lord of *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter;*
And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter York.

Boling. I Shall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble
Uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me
no Uncle:——
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd, and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England*'s ground?
But more than,—why, why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of diſpoſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal boſom lies his Power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and myſelf
Reſcu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand *French*;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worſt degree;
In groſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy Sovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*;
But

But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.
You have a ſon, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's Goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Deſcent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon, to do him Right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had Feeling of my Couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him Right:
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath ſworn, his Coming is
But for his own; and, for the Right of That,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

York.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my Pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewel.
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, Uncle, that we will accept;
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To *Briſtol-Caſtle*, which, they ſay, is held
By *Buſhy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go: but yet I'll pauſe;
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws:
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things paſt Redreſs are now with me paſt Care.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

In WALES.

Enter Saliſbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. MY lord of *Saliſbury*, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves: farewel.

Saliſ. Stay yet another day, thou truſty *Welſhman:*
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee. [ſtay.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the King is dead: we will not
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And

And lean-look'd Prophets whiſper fearful Change,
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings——
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*

Saliſ. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Star,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament:
Thy Sun ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Storms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And croſſy to thy Good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men.——
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean,
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a royal Bed,
And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes, with your ſoul wrongs.
Myſelf, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,)
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries;
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of Baniſhment:
While you have fed upon my Signiories;
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods;
From mine own windows torn my houſhold Coat;
Raz'd out my Impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
T'execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.*——Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'n's ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind Commends;
Take ſpecial care, my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: come, my lords, away,
To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices;
A while to Work; and, after, Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Coaſt of Wales.

Floriſh: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Rich.* *Barkloughly caſtle* call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking Seas?
K. *Rich.* Needs muſt I like it well: I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This Earth ſhall have a Feeling: and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms. [you King,
Biſhop. Fear not, my lord; that Pow'r that made
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.

*The means, that heaven yields, muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected: elſe if heaven would,
And we would not heav'n's offer, we refuſe
The profer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt *Bolingbroke*, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.
K. *Rich.* Diſcomfortable Couſin, know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
†Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden Crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the Right.

** The means, that heaven,* &c.] The four Lines that follow from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

†*Whilſt we were wand'ring*, &c.] This Line added from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Saliſbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your Power?
Saliſ. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but Deſpair:
One day (too late, I fear, my noble lord)
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To day, to day,——unhappy day too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the *Welſhmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, diſperſt and fled. [ſo pale?
Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace
K. *Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls, that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember, who you are.
K. *Rich.* I had forgot myſelf: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my Name; a puny Subject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. MORE health and happineſs betide my Liege,

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. *Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my Kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care:
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our Subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, Woe, Deſtruction, Ruin, Loſs, Decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful Land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with women's voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy Crown:
Thy very Beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal Yew, againſt thy State:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. *Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire?* where is he got?
What is become of *Buſhy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke.*

Scroop.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. *Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas!*
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate:
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands; thoſe, whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hallow'd ground.

Aum. Is *Buſhy, Green,* and th' Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtol* loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father, with his Power?

K. *Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
* And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war:
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd:
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd:
All murder'd.—For within the hollow Crown,

* *And that ſmall* model *of the barren earth.*] He uſes *Model* here, as he frequently does elſewhere, for *Part, Portion.*

That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court; and there the Antic ſits,
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn Rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
* And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death:
Where fearing, dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. *Rich.* Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his Power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;

* *And ſo your follies*, &c.] This Line is added from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

So

So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, and muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. *Rich.* Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to Deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away:
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That Pow'r I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. *Rich.* He does me double wrong;
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my Foll'wers: let them hence, away,
From *Richard*'s night to *Bolingbroke*'s fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke's *Camp near* Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn,
The *Welſhmen* are diſpers'd; and *Saliſbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this Coaſt.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay, King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!
North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with You, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the Head, the whole Head's Length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake, the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe myſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, *Harry*; what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lies
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Saliſbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of *Carliſle*.
Boling. Noble lord. [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiſs King *Richard*'s hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:

If

If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen.*
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s Land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignify as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this Plain;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this Caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King *Richard* and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring Shock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flouriſh. Enter, on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Saliſbury.

York. SEE! ſee! King *Richard* doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his Glory; and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright Paſſage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty! alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. *Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful King;
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Sceptre,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know,—— My Maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of Peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding War;
But ere the Crown, he looks for, light in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England*'s face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation; and bedew
Her Paſture's graſs with faithful *Engliſh* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandfire's bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents, that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the warlike hand of bury'd *Gaunt*,

And

And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His Coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Inſranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt;
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables; and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt;
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

K. *Rich. Northumberland*, ſay, thus the King returns:
His noble Couſin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle Hearing kind Commends.
We do debaſe ourſelf, Couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. *Rich.* Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of Sooth; oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bolingbroke.*

K. *Rich.* What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe

The

The name of King? o' God's name, let it go
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſceptre, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave;
A little, little Grave;——an obſcure Grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way:
Some way of common Tread, where Subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; (my tender-hearted couſin!)
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match, with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
Two kinſmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bolingbroke?* will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays, *ay*.

North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. *Rich*. Down, down I come; like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' Calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down,
King;

For

For Night-owls ſhriek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantic Man;
Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious lord—— [*Kneels.*

K. *Rich.* Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. *Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. *Rich.* Well you deſerve: they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London.* Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. *Rich.* Then I muſt not ſay, *no.* [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Garden, in the Queen's Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady.

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the Gardeners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees;——
My Wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

They'll talk of State; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; woe is fore-run with mocks.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*
Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.

Go

Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be even in our Government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſom weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, a firm ſtate?
When our Sea-walled garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelf met with the Fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
(That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke;*
I mean, the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is't that he had not ſo trimm'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the ſkin, of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf;
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the Crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the King ſhall be depos'd?

Gard.

Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am preſt to death, through want of ſpeaking:
Thou *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What *Eve*, what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond Fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better Thing than earth,)
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet, what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke;* their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt, that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, ladies, go;
To meet, at *London*, *London*'s King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad Look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'ſt, may never grow.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,

I would

I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy Curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of Rue, ſour *herb of grace;*
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.

[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ſter*'s death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* Court
As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk that very time,
I heard you ſay, You rather had refuſe,
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England;* adding,
How bleſt this Land would be in this your Couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?

Shall

Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. *Bagot*, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. *Aumerle*, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
* Who ſets me elſe? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surrey. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

* *Who ſets me elſe?*——] Theſe three Verſes are taken from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Fitzw.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heav'n, as heav'n itſelf is true.
Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou lieſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable boy,
That Lie ſhall lie ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that Lie, reſt
In earth as quiet, as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.
Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. Theſe Diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his Signiories: when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſign of the chriſtian Croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleaſant Country's earth,

And

And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Boling. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good *Abraham!*—Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

SCENE II.

Enter York.

York. GREAT Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Sceptre yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid!
'Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard;* then true Nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richard*'s Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them.
And ſhall the figure of God's Majeſty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? oh, forbid it!
That, in a chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd

Should

Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me propheſy,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial.
*May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the Commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

* *May't pleaſe you, lords*, &c.] This Scene, where *Richard* is introduced, from theſe Words, *may't it pleaſe you*, &c. to the fourth Scene of this Act, is entirely added ſince the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard, *and* York.

K. *Rich.* ALACK, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So *Judas* did to *Chriſt:* but he, in twelve, [none.
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand,
God ſave the King!—will no man ſay, *Amen?*
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet, *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown.

K. *Rich.* Give me the Crown.——Here couſin,
ſeize the Crown,
Here, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden Crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. *Rich.* My Crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are
mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe. [Crown.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?

K. *Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt Nothing be:
Therefore no No: for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo myſelf;
I give this heavy weight from off my head;
And this unwieldly Sceptre from my hand;
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my Balm;
With mine own hands I give away my Crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred State;
With mine own breath releaſe all dutious oaths.
All pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard*'s Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lie *Richard* in an earthy pit!
God ſave King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. *Rich.* Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King;
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my four Croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. *Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a Sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Sovereign a ſlave;
Proud Majeſty, a ſubject: State, a peaſant.

North. My lord——

K. *Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giv'n me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call myſelf!
Oh, that I were a mockery-King of ſnow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be ſterling yet in *England*, [*To* Boling.
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.

K. *Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland.*

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

K. *Rich.* They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very Book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's myſelf.

Enter One, with a Glaſs.

Give me that Glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring Glaſs!
Like to my Followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? was this the face,
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke?*
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this face;
[*Daſhes the Glaſs againſt the Ground.*
As brittle, as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the Moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. *Rich.* Say That again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way

How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair Couſin.

K. *Rich.* Fair Couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. *Rich.* And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. *Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. *Rich.* Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.

Boling. Go Some of you, convey him to the *Tower.*

K. *Rich.* Oh, good! convey:——Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's Fall.

Boling. On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our Coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle *and* Aumerle.

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A Woful pageant have we here beheld.

Biſhop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy Clergymen, is there no Plot,
To rid the Realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A Plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in LONDON.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæſar*'s ill-erected Tow'r;
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner, by proud *Bolingbroke.*
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any Reſting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard, *and Guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did ſtand,
[*To K.* Rich.
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou moſt beauteous Inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an ale-houſe Gueſt?

K. *Rich.* Join not with grief, fair Woman, do not ſo,
To make an End too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn brother, Sweet,
To grim Neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hye thee to *France*,
And cloiſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's Crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind

Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſts?

K. *Rich.* A King of beaſts, indeed; if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for *France;*
Think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living Leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good Night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why? the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland *attended.*

North. MY lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower.*
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France.*

K. *Rich. Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,

Shall

Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
Take leave and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

K. *Rich.* Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me:
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime:
My Queen to *France;* from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet *May;*
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or ſhorteſt day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

K. *Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my Love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome Love, but little Policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. *Rich.* So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France;* I for thee here:
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. *Rich.* Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief;

Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. *Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Duke of YORK's *Palace.*

Enter York, *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. MY lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When Weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins coming into *London.*

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bolingbroke!*
You wou'd have thought, the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, *Bolingbroke!*
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, Countrymen;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?
York. As in a Theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God ſave him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted;
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. HERE comes my ſon *Aumerle.*
York. Aumerle that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard*'s Friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.
Dutch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new Spring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to Prime.
What news from *Oxford?* hold thoſe Juſts and Triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, they do.
York. You will be there?
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What Seal is that, which hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter than who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which, for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear——
Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay: ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not Peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

SCENE

SCENE V,

Enter Servant with boots.

York. BRING me my boots. I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* (Poor boy,
thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford.*

Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet *York*, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, *Aumerle;* mount thee upon his horſe;

Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York:*
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Court at Windſor-*Caſtle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mong the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions:
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers:
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a Crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Boling. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was, he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King!

Boling. What means our Couſin, that he ſtares,
And looks ſo wildly?

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty,
To have ſome conf'rance with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone,
What is the matter with our Couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the Tale be done.

Boling. Have thy deſire. [York *within.*

York. My Liege, beware, look to thyſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.

York. Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Boling. WHAT is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The Treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.
York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, King,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf,
Thy overflow of good converts the bad;
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſon.
York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping father's gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies:
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
[*Dutcheſs within.*
Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'n's ſake, let me in.
Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?
Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dang'rous Couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.
York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for his forgiveneſs proſper may;

This

This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them Both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'rs in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.

An

An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, Pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in *French*, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moi.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my four huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf, againſt the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art. [Abbot,—
Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law,—— the
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good Uncle, help to order ſeveral Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe traitors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and couſin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dutch. Come, my old ſon; I pray heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. DIDST thou not mark the King, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words. [twice,

Exton. Have I no friend?--quoth he; he ſpake it
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay,—I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret.* Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Priſon at Pomfret-*Caſtle.*
Enter King Richard.

I Have been ſtudying, how to compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world;
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
(As thoughts, of things divine,) are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the world itſelf
Againſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones;* and then again,

It

It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt: (Like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;)
And, in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
And ſtraight am nothing——but what-e'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing—Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how four ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſic of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,

Is

Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times—O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

SCENE XI.

Enter Groom.

Groom. HAIL, royal Prince!

K. *Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad Drudge,
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime Maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* ſtreets, that Coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. *Rich.* So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade had eat bread from my royal hand.

This

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs;
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting *Bolingbroke.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. FELLOW, give place; here is no longer ſtay. [*To the Groom.*

K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. *Rich.* Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*, Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. *Rich.* The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!——

Enter Exton, *and Servants.*

K. *Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument; [*Snatching a ſword.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*

That

That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood ſtain'd the King's own Land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Court at Windſor.

Flouriſh. Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and attendants.*

Boling. KIND Uncle *York*, the lateſt news we hear,
Is, that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town or *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred State wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to *London* ſent
The heads of *Sal'ſbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their Taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
[*Preſenting a Paper.*

Boling. We thank the, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitzw. My lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas* and Sir *Bennet Seely;*
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, *Fitzwater*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand Conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.
Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton, *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathleſs lies,
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murd'rer, love him murdered.
The Guilt of Conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely ſavour.

With

With *Cain* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen Black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely Bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.